THE EUTERPEIAD:

A MUSICAL REVIEW AND TABLET OF THE FINE ARTS.

VOL. II.—NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1831.—No. 3.

Mason, Printer,] PUBLISHED, SEMI-MONTHLY, BY G. W. BLEECKER, NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. [68, *Nassau Street.*

ORIGINAL TALES.

WILHELMINA.

It may be said that Edward Clifford was an orphan from his birth; for immediate grief for the death of his father bore so heavily on her feeble constitution, that his mother survived his birth but a few hours. His parents had emigrated from England, ardently hoping by their own industry and economy to procure a livelihood that, together with the sweets of virtuous liberty, should make them forget the wealth and honors which love had driven them to renounce in their native country. They landed almost pennyless, and pursued their search for employment to one of the most beautiful and romantic little villages in the Highlands of the Hudson. Here, Mr. Clifford succeeded in finding a situation as book-keeper in the employ of Mr. Hartland, a wealthy merchant of the village, and found for himself and his amiable wife, a home under the roof of his employer. But in less than one year they arrived at that more permanent and peaceful habitation to which we are all sojourning,—the grave,—and of all that was left of their humble hopes, nothing remained but a feeble orphan child.

Edward was left to the care of Mr. Hartland, with the dying blessing of his mother, and the most solemn assurance on the part of Mr. H. that he should be maintained and educated under his own roof. This promise was faithfully kept; and being a man of strong passions and childless, his love for this interesting orphan became so ardent, that he could scarcely forego his company to attend to his ordinary business. He might have been ruined by more than parental indulgence, had not Mrs. Hartland, before Edward was yet three years old, given birth to a daughter—a circumstance which, though it did not estrange the affections of his foster-parents, became a salutary check upon their excessive fondness, which too often proves a bane to the fairest promise. Edward and Wilhelmina grew up together; the envy of the mean, and the patterns of the worthy. At an early age, he became the staff of Mr. Hartland's business, both in his mercantile and agricultural pursuits, and no enterprise in either branch was undertaken by the old gentleman, without consulting him. His education was such as would have fitted him for any of the learned professions; but he desired no other study than the interest of his benefactor and the happiness of his family.

It is not strange that Mr. Hartland should be proud of such a son, (for he always addressed him by that familiar title;) but he had reason to be equally proud of his daughter. Her beauty, we will be so far heterodox as to pass over without a description. She became the idol of all the male candidates for matrimony who saw her, and her marriage portion, which was expected to be great, was an object of anxiety to thousands who had never seen her. Young Clifford was, on the contrary, an object of their envy and jealousy. He was now in his nineteenth year, studious and industrious in his habits, and his attention rarely drawn from the concerns of his patron, he was wholly indifferent to the fascinations of the gay fair ones who sought to subdue his heart. Wilhelmina was the only female who shared his heart with her excellent mother; and he hardly yet knew that any thing but sisterly affection formed a part of the endearing charm. Accustomed to look upon her as the heiress apparent of all the perfection which his gratitude told him were the life and soul of her mother, the work of a sweeter passion was slow and imperceptible in his heart; and scarcely were his hopes ushered into existence, ere the pride of her father, by one cruel stroke, prostrated them to the very dust.

The tongue of the gossip draws its deadliest power from the root of secret jealousy. The inuendoes of some mischievous busybody reached the ears of Mr. Hartland, and he conceived the honor of his family in jeopardy. In the first stage of his wounded pride, he summoned Edward to his closet, and with unusual sternness, demanded of him the motives of his deportment towards his daughter. Clifford was thunderstruck at the abruptnesss of this demand, and his confusion only confirming his guardian in the cruel resolution he had made, he was ordered to leave his house and estate forthwith.

Edward bowed, with a look of despair; but Mr. Hartland soon dispelled the gloom by tauntingly saying,—"Go, young calculator,—try your golden schemes at leisure; and when your fortune is made, come and lay it at my daughter's feet. Only thirty thousand dollars—only thirty thousand, and she is yours."

The countenance of Edward during this sentence, changed to all the shades of anger, shame, pride, and despair; but at the close, it bore the manly smile of honest defiance, which would have subdued Mr. Hartland had not his head been turned in another direction. "I will, sir," said he,—"and remember your promise; for I shall yet demand her by virtue of those conditions." "But stop," said Mr. Hartland, as he was bowing to depart, "just step into the counting room, and take a hundred dollars to begin with. What can you do without a capital?" "I thank you, sir," said Edward,—"I came here pennyless, and I will go so." Saying these words, he closed the door after him, and Mr. Hartland dropped into a chair, wholly overcome by the strength of his feelings.

"By Heaven, I am wrong!" said he, after repeating aloud the young offender's last sentence. He rose hastily to go to the door, intending to call him back; but his stubborn pride interfered once more, and he went back again to his seat, talking aloud,—"He'll come back again—never fear! He knows who has been a father to him. But I shall say no more to him on this subject. I'll let my wife have her way; for I would rather see my daughter wed to any body, no matter how poor, than put myself in such a confounded flurry again. Zounds! I always do raise the very devil, when I go contrary to Mrs. Hartland's advice. I'll not do it again."

A few rods in the rear of the mansion of Mr. Hartland, was a beautiful grove of elms, sparsely planted over an area of about five acres. At the extremity of this grove, a noble stream took a majestic turn around a high bluff, which formed a kind of promontory of the opposite shore, and which bluff was consecrated to the use of the family as a cemetery. The path to it was of course circuitous, and led over a bridge some distance up the stream. On either side of this peninsular burying ground there was a gentle waterfall, each in sight, and adding much to the beauty of the scenery from the extremity of the grove. In that part of the channel which immediately separated the burial ground from the grove, there was an eddy of an extensive circle, where the waters, just escaped from the strife above, paused, turned, and seemed un-

willing to encounter with the rocks below. Here, at the foot of a gigantic elm, which looked like the king of the grove leading his subjects on to ford the stream, was a seat, where the cultivated mind of any temperament might revel on its own wonted food, and find a mirror to reflect back the ruling features of the imagination. If the beholder had trained his fancy to the study of the sublime and awe-inspiring images of Nature's majesty,—there were the dashing of the rude waters above and below him, and the high precipitous rocks hanging over the stream, to satisfy his eye and charm his ear. If the simple and playful fancies of happy existence were his delight, the inhabitants of the deep clear stream at his feet, and the loquacious triflers sporting among the thick branches over his head, would welcome him to his cheerful meditation; and to the calmer movements of the melancholy mind, the tall white tomb-stones on the opposite bluff, with their inverted images in the still eddy below, would respond to the solemn luxury of his musings, and make him love them more.

In this romantic spot, young Clifford was sitting long after the sun had gone down; scarcely knowing how he had come or what spell had detained him there. It had always been a dear spot to him. His parents were sleeping among the slumberers of the bluff before him, but now his thoughts were not with them. Here the happy and unbroken cheerfulness of his boyhood had refreshed itself in a thousand feats of childish sport, but they were all now forgotten to him. How prone we are, when the crosses of a moment come over us, to spurn away all that has ever made us happy, and hug to our hearts all that has made us miserable! Here he had so often followed the star of his life, the gentle Wilhelmina, to her favorite seat, and lighted up the pathetic glows of her soul by the vivacity of his own, with a heart so full of love, that it burst out into words unprompted and unrebuked,—and never till now had he doubted that the dear dream would last forever. These were the musings, or the broken texture of musings, which passed through his mind and chained him to the spot. He had sought this seat the moment he left the presence of Mr. Hartland, and here he had waited till the stars had begun to shine upon him, still undetermined whether to wait and solicit a farewell interview with Wilhelmina, or embark, without a farewell, to some clime, where he might put into operation his plans for the amassment of a fortune, that he might claim the hand of his Wilhelmina according to her father's promise. His resolution was at last made, and he decided to avoid the pain of an interview, and to communicate his purposes to her by writing from New York.

His head was just turned to take a farewell look of this scene, consecrated to so many once happy but now gloomy recollections, when his eye caught a figure in white, gliding through the grove towards the stream. It was Wilhelmina. In an instant he was at her feet. It did not require many words to tell her his purpose. Knowing her father's changing mood, she objected strongly to his departure; but in vain. The bitter comparison which the passionate old gentleman had made between her wealth and his poverty, had set his face as a flint against entreaty. Never before had petition of hers been presented to him in vain; but now it was like praying to the torrent.

The vows of lovers are not for the world to hear. We shall dispense with all further ceremony, and by a magical process, convey our hero, forthwith, to the shores of the idolized Ganges. Here we will place Edward in the employ of a great mercantile company, amassing his thousands yearly, and growing fast in a reputation for probity and industry which is itself a fortune to the possessor. In this remote region, accident threw him in the way of an elder brother to his father—a bachelor, of a princely fortune, who had defrauded his brothers of their share of their paternal inheritance, and fled to India, to bury the remorse his fortune brought with it, in the most parsimonious schemes of traffic which could add to it. He discovered himself to his nephew; and in the overflow of his remorse, he made him his heir. Disease and grief, however much they had been checked by this return to the path of justice, had taken too strong a hold of his uncle's constitution to be alleviated by any other means than a change of air. Edward advised him to return to England to procure an end so desirable; but his uncle would not. He chose rather to lay his bones in India, he said, than disturb the repose of his injured brothers by laying himself among his own kindred. Let the event be supposed; and we shall be under the necessity of bringing back Clifford, laden with wealth, to claim the hand of his Wilhelmina.

The sun was near setting, when Clifford landed from the steamboat at the little village, near Mr. Hartland's residence. He walked directly into the store where, a few years since, he had been principal manager. There had been much alteration, but the general appearance was the same. The clerks were all strangers, and the only familiar faces he could recognise, were certain customers who dropped in during his short stay. They did not, however, recognise him, and his anxiety would not allow him to discover himself. Trembling and hesitating, he was about to summon resolution to make some inquiries, when the conversation took a turn which struck him speechless. The colloquists were one of the youngest clerks and an intimate of his own age, a clerk in a neighboring store.

"Wedding at our house to-night; I must shut up soon."

"I heard so;—that Yankee bears off the belle,—eh!"

"Yes;—but he cares more for the cash than the bride, I 'm thinking."

"Who wouldn't?—an only daughter with such a fortune dont grow on every bush."

Clifford heard no more. The day which shone in his soul with such intense light, became total darkness, without the transition of twilight.

Long after the sun had set, Edward awoke to his recollection, and found himself seated upon the brink of the stream, at the end of the elm grove, in the very spot on which, five years before, he had parted from his Wilhelmina, while the vow of eternal constancy lingered sweetly upon her lips. His mind was at first elated by the freshness of the beautiful scene before him. It was a picture of paradise. The moon was just rising to brighten up the starry hemisphere, without a solitary cloud to rest her light upon. It seemed to him but the repetition of one of those fairy dreams, which had so often translated this grove, and its inmates, to the margin of the idolized Ganges, and placed it before his imagination in all its softness of moonlight quietude and love. It was indeed a dream;—not breaking into that quiet wakefulness which followed his sleeping visions in Asia but a dream, from which the horrid recollection of the colloquy at the store, aroused him to agonising madness. The objects which had simulated his delight with throbbings of joy, did not vanish with their delusion; but they still stood before him, marking his distraction with horrid associations. Had every tree, and rock and wave,—had the stars in the firmament-yea—had the marble memorials of his buried parents, which stared wildly upon him from the opposite shore, suddenly found the faculty of laughter, and had they all united in one chorus of mirth, to mock his tortured feelings, he would not have felt it. His soul had not been moved, had the ground on which he stood, laughed itself into an earthquake.

What to him, now, were all the familiar yet indescribable charms, which he had once seen in the picture before him? She who had given light to all their hues, and whose voice alone had taught him all their music, was now to kindle another heart to their worship. They were his no more. What to him, now, were his immense treasures, that slavish ore for which he had crossed oceans, defied storms, and braved the pestilential heat of India, and all in vain? She for whom the deed was dared, and whom he had so long, and so devoutly wished to crown as queen of all his life, was now an alien to his bosom. He looked upon the tombstones of his parents, and bitterly longed for a grave beside them. He stepped to the brink of the stream. Its deep transparent waters were smooth as glass before him, while above and below, they threw up the foam, glaring like snow in the light of the moon. He could see the bottom with the clearness of midday. Horrible thoughts usurped the place of reason. His brain reeled, and had not a distant voice broke the spell which was upon his faculties, he would have plunged into the eddy before him, and madly rushed away from the torments of earth—whither?—we must not tell!

He turned his head and saw two groups of figures just entering the grove, and slowly moving towards him. They were the wedding

party, sallying out to enjoy a summer moonlight walk. Clifford retreated behind a tree, and waited their approach. The forward group were several elderly people, in serious conversation. It was not necessary to approach very near that the quick eye of Edward might discover Mr. Hartland to be one of the party. He was dressed in deep mourning, and was at that moment addressing a gentleman, whom Clifford recognised as a brother of Mrs. Hartland. "Yes;"—said he, "she is gone; but she is happier than those she left. Every time I visit you, I come to this spot to gaze upon her tombstone, and poor Wilhelmina can scarcely be dragged from it. Ever since I rashly drove Edward from the house, she has pined away in silent sorrow. And yet she never accuses me of her grief. Nothing has prospered with me since. My business was neglected; for who but he could manage it? My creditors fell upon me, and had it not been for your kindness, my whole fortune had been the sacrifice, and myself with my daughter without a home. The world has no tie left for me, if I could but dry the tears of my daughter. But for my rashness, she had been as happy as your daughter now is."

The old gentleman passed on. A gleam of hope shot through the bosom of Edward; but his attention was riveted upon two female figures which approached. One was Wilhelmina, also in deep mourning, her beauty saddened but not destroyed by continued sorrow, leaning upon the arm of a lovely girl, in a bridal dress,—looking like the angels of grief and mirth supporting each other. Wilhelmina was speaking while they approached, and he caught words which entranced him with delight.

"Yes,—cousin;—here we parted. I knew that my father would relent, and told him so; but his pride was up, and he tore himself from me. I have not heard from him since. Had he known half the grief which his absence has brought upon our family, he would fly to us with more eagerness than he fled from the rash rebuke of my father. O, I wish he would come back, even if he comes in poverty and rags. He would be such a consolation to my poor father; for unless he returns soon, sorrow must lay his gray hairs in the grave."

"Now that is all very fine," said the gay bride. "You have no other desire for his return, I suppose, than the comfort of your father. That is not candid, to use such reserve to me. I know you have more powerful reasons than filial tenderness to wish his return."

"My wishes for his return have one common centre,—his and my father's happiness. When they are happy, I have no fear of sorrow or want."

It is needless to tell how Edward discovered himself; how Wilhelmina fainted; how the young bride scolded her spouse to bring water to restore her; how, for want of a more convenient vessel, he dipped his new wedding hat in the stream, in obedience to the first command of his new spouse. They were minor subjects compared with what followed; and yet we have no room to relate the most important. So much we will say; that, if Edward and Wilhelmina are not the master and mistress of their native home, there is no truth in original tales.

G.

For the Euterpeiad.

THE CAPTIVE TROUBADOUR.

It was the sunset hour,—the parting light
Shone dimly through the gloomy prison bars
Where lay a captive Troubadour; whose lips
Were pale and trembling, and his high sad brow
Was flushed with a rich, hectic glow, unlike
The loftiness it wore in other years.
For he had bravely fought, and fearless bled
Beneath the red-cross banner he had borne,
On many a battle plain, where ruthless death
Triumphant rode, dashing to earth the pride
And flower of manhood. And where javelin showers
Came thickly pouring on the "steel-clad line"—
There was he seen—oft with the cloven helm
And blood stained sabre. But those days were past,
Even as a midnight dream away, and left
Nothing but burning memory of their joys
Within his bosom. What to him was then
The wreath of glory? Or the trumpet's blast,
That calls the soldier to the deadly strife
Of mortal combat? What, alas! to him
Was the bright meed of fame, which his young lute
In earlier hours had won? To him they then
Seemed a mere mockery of the sense, an hour
Of high wrought visions, which, when faded, comes
Never again to bless. The captive sprung
From off his damp straw couch, and wildly gazed
Upon the sun's red light that faintly streamed
Through the dark waving palms, whose branches shut
The distant landscape from his straining eyes.
Pale, motionless, he stood: for his rapt soul
Was numbed as with a spell; and then his eye
Grew brighter, and from his curled lip there broke
A passionate, yet half mournful flood of song.

"There, laughing in the golden light, shed from thy sunset sky
And girt around with thy mouldering fanes, my native Italy:
There stands my vine embowered home, near to the fresh blue stream,
Whose murmuring sounds on memory breaks, like some forgotten dream.
And there the free glad wind doth sweep o'er hill and sylvan glade,
Wafting the citron's perfume through the rustling olive shade.
Oh! for an eagle's wings to bear my eager soul along
The fertile meads, where I might list to Philomela's song.
Oh, could I but once more behold the snowy myrtle flowers,
Like pearls thick sown by fairy hands, in moonlight's lovely hours!
Or sit beneath some spreading lime and hear the solemn strain
Of the low vesper hymn swell forth in music o'er the plain!
And now the very hour is come when the gray convent bell
With its religious chime, deep peals, wakes in the echoing dell;
Where I full oft in boyish glee the light guitar have strung,
With the loved sister of my youth, whose white arm round me clung
In careless grace,—while she would sing some poet's tale of old,
Of captive knight who sighed for love in some strong Paynim hold.
Such tales first caused the thirst for fame within my ardent soul,
And for its dreams I've bartered love more precious than earth's gold.
I may not hear her witching tones, as in those days of yore,
Nor bind her hair with lilies, as we roved the shell-strewn shore:
I may not clasp her dimpled hand, or kiss her sunny brow,
Or search the green slope's breast to find the first spring flowers that blow.
Such joys are fled, save when the heart recals fond memory back,
Through years of long, long anguish! spent pursuing the bright track
That leads to Fame's high temple, round which bloom immortal flowers,
Whose chaplet vainly oft we seek in this life's transient hours.
And should we gain it, ah! too oft it hides a brow of wo,
And shines with a cold lustre, like the moon upon the snow.
What 's the dull, hollow sound of praise, to one whose tortured breast
Is pining 'neath the dungeon's chain while earth 's in verdure drest?
Oh! had I died as warriors die, when spears are flashing red,
My country's tears had proudly fell and laurels decked my bed!
Ay, there I had full glorious slept upon the battle plain,
Meet for the soul that tyranny may vainly strive to chain;
But thus dishonored, thus to live, perchance 't may be for years,
And know hope's glittering cup is filled with sorrow's bitterest tears,
To never see again those friends whom I have loved and lost,
To dream of liberty, yet wake and feel all hopes are crossed!"—

The minstrel ceased; for his proud spirit rose
With an o'ermastering passion, far too strong,
For life's weak hold upon his wasted frame
Still feebler grew. Backward he reeling fell
On the cold floor, then raising his dark eye
To Heaven, and fettered arms, he faintly smiled,
As if to welcome death, which brought release
To his sick soul, and joyfully exchanged
A dungeon's gloom for endless bliss on high.

IDEALINA

Another interesting Lecture on music, by Professor Iucho, is on file for our next number.

Several anonymous communications are deferred for want of room, having come too late—several others having come too quick, have not had that finish from the hand of their authors, which should entitle them to a place in the Euterpeiad.

We thank "Hinda," for her favor. We are not of those who boast of regular contributors; but if we were certain of the assistance of all who have been thus far kind to us, we should have some reason to boast.

Erratum for the American Traveller.—In No. 92, vol. 6, bound May 17th, 1831, last page, second column, immediately after "Miscellany," insert, "*From the Euterpeiad.*" Probably *hypographical* mistake.

Erratum for the Philadelphia Album.—May 28, No. 22, p. 176, 3d column, 33 lines from the top, insert, "*From the Euterpeiad.*" That is brother Rockwell's thunder, which came down our conductor, and brother Morris has no right to be careless with it.

We witnessed the splendid spectacle of Cagliostro, on Monday evening, and our curiosity, which was raised to the highest pitch, by the great length of time necessary to prepare for such a display of scenery, was fully answered; and we are happy to say, the whole was received with the most enthusiastic applause, by a large and fashionable audience. Our limits and the lateness of the hour will not allow a more minute notice; but in our next we shall be more explicit.

In the list of new music published by J. L. Hewitt, 137 Broadway, we are much pleased with a favorite air from Don Giovanni, arranged for the Piano Forte, by J. Metz. There is also an excellent anthem for Easter Sunday, "Christ our Passover," &c., composed and arranged with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Organ, by H.H. Gear, organist of Grace Church, and dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Wainwright. It is exactly of that sort so much wanted on that occasion, and apparently easy to execute. We know of no appropriate set piece for Easter, which does not contain too many difficulties for an ordinary choir, without an organ, as is sometimes the case. The one before us is simple, and if sung with spirit, must produce a good effect.

[Original.]

REMINISCENCES

OF INTERESTING SCENES AND PERIODS; OR, SCRAPS FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

NO. X.

CONVERSAZIONES AND BALLS IN MESSINA.

There Age, essaying to recall the past,
After long striving for the hues of youth
At the sad labor of the toilet, and
Full many a glance at the too faithful mirror,
Prankt forth in all the pride of ornament,
Forgot itself, and trusting to the falsehood
Of the indulgent beams, which show, yet hide,
Believed itself forgotten, and was fooled.
There Youth, which needed not, nor thought of such
Vain adjuncts, lavished its true bloom, and health,
And bridal beauty, in the unwholesome press
Of flushed and crowded wassailers, and wasted
Its hours of rest in dreaming this was pleasure,
And so shall waste them till the sunrise streams
On sallow cheeks and sunken eyes, which should not
Have worn this aspect yet for many a year.
The music, and the banquet, and the wine—
The garlands, the rose odours, and the flowers—
The sparkling eyes and flashing ornaments—
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets; swan-like bosoms, and the necklace,
An India in itself, yet dazzling not
The eye like what it circled; the thin robes
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven;
The many twinkling feet so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,
Its false and true enchantments—art and nature,
Which swam before my giddy eyes, that drank
The sight of beauty as the parched pilgrim's
On Arab sands the false mirage, which offers
A lucid lake to his eluded thirst,
Are gone.—BYRON.

Strangers sojourning in the large cities of Italy and Sicily, usually receive invitations to the boxes of their friends at the opera. Besides the gratification which this system affords to the musical ear, as the boxes are all private, and as some branches of every family attend nightly, visits are paid and received, introductions take place, and much agreeable intercourse is the result. It is, however, at the assemblies denominated conversaziones, that the pleasures of society are best enjoyed. The style of these evening parties is in fact little different from that of evening parties in the polite circles of the United States, pretty much the same amusements being resorted to, and the same ceremonies observed; but in the former most persons have their own stated days when they expect company, and are consequently *at home*.

The foreigner possessing a single letter of introduction has thus one mansion to which he has the privilege of the entree at least one evening of the week, and unsociable or unamiable must that individual be, who from such has not this license, extended so widely, that his lament is he does not possess ubiquity, so agreeable and rational are these reunions. Although the imperfect education of the females is a great drawback from the pleasures of society in Sicily, yet the conversations are very agreeable, and what is wanting in cultivation of the mind is oftentimes supplied by great skill in the science of music, which is the solace of all ranks, from the prince to the peasant.

The opera in Messina, although well conducted, was, during my residence in that city, upon a small scale, and the theatre poor and mean. In lieu of printed bills, the notice of performance is given in writing, which, being pasted to a board, is suspended over the middle of the street. A wicked wight once lowered this notice, and unobserved, substituted for some performance of Rossini announced, the words "P. M. Virgilii opinia opera," which appeared the next morning to the eyes of the astonished Messinese as the opera of the evening.

It may readily be supposed that "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," is a favorite amusement among this lively people. The many and voluptuous waltz, of which we may say,

"Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn
With waltz compare, or after waltz be borne?"

is the favorite dance of polite Sicilians, and wo betide him whom practice has not made perfect in this accomplishment. In the winter, if the mild weather of this mild climate deserves the name, balls were given at regular intervals, and one of the best attended was that of the consul of the United States, *a member of the Society of Friends!* The public balls of the Society called, or under the title of, Academia degli amici, may be considered as the best specimens of Messinese fashionable meetings. This society consisted of the nobility and principal inhabitants, together with the foreign residents who possessed introductions to any of the members. These delightful parties were held in an extensive refectory of a convent, and although such an apartment could not be expected to be exactly adapted to its new and unforseen use, yet, when illuminated and filled with graceful dancers, the metamorphosis was complete. The spirit stirring sounds of the tabor and pipe, but ill comported, however, with the solemnity of the adjoining church and cloisters, and the echoes of mirth and minstrelsy no doubt many a time dissipated the serious reflections of the cowled inmates of the stately pile. Its profanation being well paid for, of course reconciled the consciences of the holy fraternity.

One of the most splendid balls or fetes ever witnessed in Messina, even in the gayest period of its history, which was during its military occupation by the British, was that given in the month of January, 1814, by the late Brigadier General Sir Robert Hall, who died in Canada. Having been honored by an invitation to this splendid entertainment, and as all the fashion, whether native or foreign, of Messina and neighborhood were present, I flatter myself a peep behind the scenes will not be unacceptable, as exhibiting some curious traits in Sicilian character and manners which are peculiar to that people.

The fete in question was given in a large suite of apartments kept for the use of the sovereigns on their visits to Messina. The whole of these were fitted up and ornamented with great taste, exhibiting trophies with British and Sicilian plays united, and mottoes and inscriptions complimentary to the fair of both nations. Marmers in full dress lined the stair cases and galleries, and in every large apartment a military band was stationed. Above twelve hundred guests of both sexes were present, and as almost all the gentlemen were either in rich and splendid uniforms, or in court dresses, and the ladies in costly jewels, the effect was splendid, though in variety eclipsed by the fancy balls which have so enchanted the fashionables of late years. Many of the old noblesse, with their rich flowered silk and embroidered suits, and wearing two watches with the usual appendages, were eminently conspicuous, not more on account of their antiquated costume than their formal manners, which bore the impress of an age gone by. Not the least interesting part of the evenings' and nights' entertainment was the supper, in the preparation of which fifty cooks had labored for some weeks. This festive board displayed, as may be supposed, every luxury and delicacy of the season and country, as well as many of foreign growth. In addition to all such, the French commander in chief, with a noble politeness worthy of the age of chivalry, sent, by a flag of truce from the opposite coast of Italy, a handsome present of wild boar, and some et ceteras of Parisian preparation, which, in a state of warfare, were difficult to procure. This elegant compliment from the enemy was acknowledged by a return of coffee, sugar, and other articles which the circumstances of the times rendered scarce in Italy.

It has been remarked that the Sicilians eat as if they had not another day to live, and build as if they were to live forever. To pass by the building part of the story, no greater amusement could be desired than was afforded by the attack of the Messinese upon the supper. Fish and food, sweets and sours, fricasee and fricandean, a la modes and a la daubes, all were indiscriminately devoured, and strange as it may appear, not content with eating, many indulged in the remarkable Sicilian propensity to pocket. Having been apprised of this custom, I placed myself in a situation where unobserved I could spy upon the secret workings, and I had the satisfaction to witness cakes and various *hors d'œvres* slyly popped into the capacious pockets of some richly embroidered coats. I saw one old gentleman, in a flowered suit, and wearing several orders suspended from his collar, picking up the small silk flags of England and Sicily which had ornamented the large cakes. These this bepowdered and bespangled purloiner disposed about his person much in the same way that the renowned Sylvester Daggerwood, of the Dunstable company of comedians, carried about him the "bills of the play."

A most humorous incident of this nature occurred at this banquet, the particulars of which I had from an eye witness during the evening. A Sicilian beau of the first magnitude, in a superb court dress of blue and silver, had been observed filling his pockets with such savoury morsels as his taste suggested. A young officer who had witnessed his success as a marauder, watching his opportunity, poured two or three glasses of some of the liquors into the haversack, as he styled it, of the dandy. The liquid more than saturating the ingredients it met with in its flow downwards, soon began to drop from the laps of the coat, to the infinite amusement of the splendid throng to whom the wearer had suddenly become an object of attraction and finally ridicule. It is almost needless to say that some friend was kind enough to inform the unfortunate beau of his situation, which caused him to make a speedy but confused retreat. We should hope that the lesson would not be lost upon him.

It accidentally happened that this entertainment was given on the eve of the march of the British army to embark on the expedition against Leghorn and Genoa then held by the imperial French power. About two o'clock in the morning the loud beat of drums, and the sound of the inspiring bugles, warned the gallant soldiers that this was no time "to tilt with lips," but that they "must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns, and pass them current too," and many a tear was seen to flow from fair eyes, and many a sigh escaped as these sons of Mars suddenly stole from the fond lingering looks or perchance aside embrace of their tender partners. The striking similarity of this scene to that displayed at Brussels some time after on a like occasion, recals to mind the beautiful and strongly descriptive lines of the poet of poets, Byron.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

The beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
A'l' then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

Among the numerous presentations which took place in the course of the evening, I was fortunate enough to be honored by one to the daughter of the Marquis of S——, the Marchioness herself being detained at home by her accouchement. This introduction procured me an invitation to pay my respects to the mother, who, it was announced, would receive company the next day although only the third after giving birth to an infant scion to the house. As I availed myself of the politeness of this noble family, and as the time and manner of the scene are both descriptive of Sicilian customs, I will relate the particulars of my visit.

Having joined a party of friends who had also had invitations, we proceeded about noon the next day to the

palazzo or residence of the family alluded to, on arriving at which we were immediately ushered not only into the drawing room, but lo, into the lady's bed chamber, where the noble dama herself appeared sitting up or enthroned in bed, for in lieu of the usual apparel, our hostess was attired in an elegant lace dress, and her head and neck displayed the family diamonds and jewels which are always brought forth on such occasions. The Marchioness was in high spirits, and conversed with the numerous party of both sexes which were assembled. The bambino, or infant, was exhibited in beautiful attire, and made as much noise as would that of the meanest vassal of this wealthy family, if shewn up in a similar manner. During these gratulations the choicest sweets and other delicacies, for the preparation of which the Nuns are so famous, were handed round, and as visitors retired others arrived, so that there did not lack a succession of company for several hours. How the principal in this dramatic exhibition performed her part, or how such exhibitions would be relished in this country, it is unnecessary to inquire or discuss; suffice it to say, that that described was conducted with elegance and gaiety, and yet with the most perfect decorum.

On the occasion of the baptism, which took place shortly after, I attended a splendid ball, but as the style of this festive display was similar to others before mentioned, it is unnecessary to describe it. As for the Tazantella and other dances and ornaments peculiar to the peasantry of the romantic and enchanting island of Sicily, they will form the subject matter of another communication. B.

For The Euterpeiad.

EPISTLE TO ——.

Once more 't is night—but ere I bind
Around a discontented mind
The chain of an oblivious sleep,
My muse would one lone vigil keep.
The hour is silent. I've heard the fall
Of the last footstep. One and all
Our mansion's inmates,—all save *one*,—
The seal of sleep is stamped upon.
T is sweet in sleep to close the eye
Upon the world's reality,
For him who in that world has sought
The mind's repose, but found it not;
Yet sweeter far is it to brood,
As now, in midnight solitude,
O'er thronging thoughts, unasked, that come
Around me on the viewless air,
And harken to the sleeping hum
Of this vast city's load of care!

To-night I've tried—aye, madly tried,
To lay my brow of gloom aside
In "good society"——in vain!—
My soul indignant spurned the chain.
Beside me sat the veriest ape
That ever sold a yard of tape
Behind a counter—pert, yet dull,
With pockets empty as his skull,
And drawling tone, as in a vice
His words were squeezed and turned round twice!
Lean, lank, and flimsy as himself,
Or lace upon his master's shelf—
A mighty man, whose lofty trade is
To cut off patterns for the ladies!
Which suits so well his noble genus,
That faith you 'd take him for a *Venus*,
Not of Medicis! but such as we
See squeezed into nonentity!

And woman, too, oh! she was there
With smiles that every fop might share;
And all those charms by nature given
As transcripts of the shapes of heaven,
To bless and charm our mental eyes,
And soothe us with sweet sympathies—
Oh these, in freshest bloom, she gave
To be, what think you?—*Fashion's slave!*
Oh pitiful! a slave at best,
Or painted target, fitly placed
For folly's eye to take full aim
With low-born jests, O shame—O shame!

"Fie on the picture! bear it hence!"
If 't is not true, *ne pas d' offence.*

Thou knowest I bear not in my heart
A libel 'gainst the fairest part
Of God's creation—thou knowest, too,
That I can love as warm, as true,
The beauty of a native grace,
As any of the sterner race—
But I can, in the same degree,
Thank heaven, despise all mummery.
I am no novice—I have been
In *many* a gay and glittering scene,
Where *Fashion* spread her bright *parterre*,
And eyes of light and shapes of air,
Assembled to be happy there;
And beauty's song, and music's spell,
Luxurious on my spirit fell!
And were they truly happy? No!
Each bosom veiled some secret wo,
And smiles wore affectation's guise,
And soulless fools looked very wise,
And compliments, in listless tone,
Froze coldly ere the words were done.
A laugh—a giggle—ended the delight,
And each one, yawning, bade his friends good night.

COMUS & CO.

THE DRAMA.

The apathetic spirit with which the stage is regarded in a nation eminent as this for political importance, moral excellence, and intellectual pursuits, appears to us to be a serious error; and were an inquiry instituted as to the probable causes, it is almost certain that no inconsiderable portion of it would be traced to the perfunctory manner in which its operations are noticed by the press. We hazard this opinion from the well experienced truth, that the press is not more a powerful organ in the expression of public sentiment, than a forcible instrument in the direction of public taste, and any one who visits our theatres reflects upon the powerful influence they have on the character, manners, and language, witnesses the errors of ignorance and taste with which they abound, then reads the unmeaning observations on them that paragraph our public journals, might rationally suppose a conspiracy, alike inimical to the interests of the theatres, and the common good. To the interests of the theatres, inasmuch as to canvass their merits with spirit and freedom, is to provoke an inquiry that insensibly leads to a taste for the drama; to the common good, since we admit the *influence* of the stage, the direction of it must be acknowledged an object of vast importance.

Its influence, we believe, has been denied by none; the tendency of it disputed and discussed by many. This, however, lies not with the machine, but with those that have the direction of it, nor can we wonder if its operations are dangerous when heedlessly resigned to the whim and guidance of an ignorant multitude. That experience has proved its influence may be deduced from the fact, that in every other nation the stage is placed under the superintendence of the public authorities, and even in Great Britain the drama has its licensee.

Some have disputed the profit to be derived from entertainments of fiction, however excellent the lesson they inculcate. In reply, we quote the words of an esteemed moral writer on the subject:

"I am of opinion, that no well written story, in which the conduct and situation of our fellow creatures is naturally and faithfully represented, can fail to be of use even where no particular moral or doctrine is inculcated to warn or excite."

If such a benefit exist then in the imperfect delineations of the poet, how much more vitally must it live in the representations of the actor. The incarnation of those visions; the imparting to the cold, inert images of language the life and spirit of action; the collecting the confused and scattered nothings that float around the fancy, moulding them to form, enduing them with vitality, and framing them into such an epitome of life, that its weaknesses, temptations, dangers, and duties, being exhibited in a manner our observation justifies as to general facts, shall convey the force of truth and the fruits of experience; if, as is acknowleged, the manners are softened and character improved by the pursuits of literature, surely the superior power of the stage must be confessed by its most inveterate enemies, and their objection sought where alone it lies, in the abuse of it.

As a department for the encouragement of literature, we fear it will be long deserted, owing to the prolific supplies of dramatic entertainments received from Europe. But there is no occasion for the gross and unpardonable errors of language that pervade it, in which sense, sound and order are confounded, nor for the unblushing indecencies resorted to for the applause of the depraved, by which modesty is abashed, virtue corrupted, and the profession disgraced.

We have thus lightly sketched our opinion of the uses and abuses of the drama, and suggested one of the probable causes of its decline, as a prelude to our intention of pointing out its errors, and endeavoring to promote their correction, assured that it would be an important means of improving the condition of the stage, as well as of its professors, of giving to the pursuit the dignity of an intellectual one, and ensuring for its artists the respect due to superior attainments and public usefulness.

The notices of the week's entertainments must be brief from the want of space.

PARK THEATRE.

This house has presented little novelty, if we except the farewell benefit of Miss Kelly, who we believe returns to Europe. In a certain cast of character, those in which feminine softness gives place to feminine spirit, such as Beatrice, Rosalind, Estifania, &c., Miss Kelly stood preeminent, and her depa[illegible]re must be esteemed a great loss to the Amer[illegible]an stage. The magnet, little Burke, has returned to us, and holds fast the reins of public patronage. This is a species of exhibition in which we are less called upon to exercise our craft than to yield our modicum to the general contribution of admiration at his extraordinary gifts. Criticism is silenced in the absurdity of taxing the faults of such a child, and we feel, when witnessing him, as if

he was not for the stage but the stage for him; destroying the purpose for which it was instituted, yet leading us in raptures with the scene by the strength of his genius.

BOWERY THEATRE.

To the Water Witch, at this house, has succeeded a new drama, by Mr. Phillips, the author of Paul Clifford and the Evil Eye, called "Ten years of a seaman's life, or the step-brother." This gentleman exhibits wonderful tact in the arrangement of his incidents, and on this occasion has produced an entertainment of powerful interest. This is one of those exhibitions that answer every purpose of amusement, yet never fail to impart a valuable lesson. Of a domestic character, it embraces events familiar to our experience, characters we daily mingle with, and sensations we hourly feel. Combining in a most eminent degree, the instructive with the entertaining, it effectually silences the most violent detractors of the drama. It were invidious to single out individuals where all acquitted themselves so well; and, indeed, this is a species of entertainment affording so little opportunity for the display of eminent talent, that the simply judicious stand on the same eminence with the sublimely great. Mr. Scott's glowing description of a shipwreck, addressed as an apologue to his despairing sister, deservedly received deafening applause. The forthcoming "Cagliostro," is spoken of as a splendid production. We understand Mr. Booth and Mr. Hamblin purpose acting together again, and, what we can scarcely credit, our old friend Cooper; if so, this *tres juncti in uno* will be an irresistable attraction.

THE CHATHAM.

We are sorry that space will not permit us to notice the operations of this theatre as they deserve. Mr. Finn is the card at present, and a great card he is. There is a finish in his acting, a minute attention to the most insignificant points of character and habit, that stamp him a master of his art, and a close observer of human nature. More of him in our next number.

Oswali of Athens. This is the title of a new play, now in rehearsal, and to be produced at the Chatham on Monday next. It is from the pen of our amiable and talented countryman, John Howard Payne, and was committed to the care of Mr. J. J. Adams, in manuscript. The author, standing apart from the intrinsic beauties with which it is said to be replete, must ensure it a warm reception.

"Estelle" came too late for this number. We are proud of the kindness she has shown, which we shall acknowledge in form as soon as possible. Our Providence friend was also too late. We know of no other way to reciprocate his favors, and his good opinion, than by endeavoring to deserve them.

THE EUTERPEIAD.

NEW YORK——No. 2——JUNE 1, 1831.

EDITED BY HORATIO GATES.

☞ The publishing office of the Euterpeiad is removed from No. 6, Cortlandt street, to No. 68, Nassau street, two doors from John street, where communications and orders are to be directed. A box is also left for letters and communications at Hewitt's Music Warehouse, No. 137, Broadway.

How beautiful are these, how happy they,
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal to look down where nought but ocean strives!
Even he, too, loves, at times, the blue lagoon,
And smooths his ruffled mane beneath the moon.

The Island.

Every patriot delights to look upon the ocean. If it seems a boundary to the land of his worship, it is no less an object which he must contemplate with pleasure, with the sublime of adoration. There is no writer known to us, of sensitive poetic feeling, over whose themes the love of his country holds a superior tone, who has not recorded his love of that mighty world of waters, with a pathos and a strength scarcely inferior to the fervor of his patriotic devotions. We have the pride that without that grandeur of feeling none could justly lay a claim to the character of a patriot or a poet. In this we may go too far; but suffice to say, we have known an American, of mature mind, who did not, as he gazed abroad upon the wide Atlantic, lighten up with an enthusiasm which seemed to say that some spell beyond the flood enchanted his spirit.

Why is it so? We know not; and if we know not who have for it, how shall we define the mystery for our fellows?

Shall we suppose that the graves of our ancestors draw our sympathies beyond the seas? Does not the depths of our own native earth contain the ashes of those nearer and dearer? But we may have friends, bosom companions, who are sojourners beyond the ocean, or are wanderers upon the wilderness of space. Yet our friends are not an absent. Are not there a great number still treading the same green sod and breathing the same air with us?

Nor is it the grandeur of European regality, nor the glory of Asiatic luxury, for the ye low sons of Africa have any claim upon the affections of an American heart. The freedom of his native hills; the frugal comfortings of his wholesome repast; the wealth which he and his friends may share—indeed, are the grand objects of his reverence.

There are many, no doubt, who are fire-minded in the story of Grecian romance, of Chinese beauties, and Persian maids. But what have these to influence the heart of him who knows the sweets of love that cannot be sold—love that is refined by mutual hearts, and warmed by rational piety? Such attractions never act upon the heart of an American. Love, like all blessings, to him must be *free*, or it is degrading and worthless.

Yet does he look upon the broad world of waters, as if some enchantment held him in subjection to a power beyond them. His eye is ever ready to catch the returning sail, and his ear is open to hear the first tidings from the ancient world. And there is an enchantment which binds him with a spell to those beyond the ocean. There is an object over which his heart yearns, like the mother over her offspring. There are the oppressed, struggling for the rights which have been wrested from them; and the American patriot's heart struggles with them. These are the brave, rising from under the heel of the lordling, who would trample them under his feet, and his soul agonizes with them. Under such feelings, he can look upon the billows of the Atlantic and feelingly say,—

Yes—beyond thy heaving bosom
There are ties which I must feel,
And no strength of man can loose them,
And no gayety conceal!
Yes—beyond thy azure wave
Are a remnant of the brave,
And I look with hope on thee,
Waiting that they may be free!

We are truly gratified that the public taste has taken so salutary a turn, as is discoverable in the character of the latest new pieces brought out at the theatres of this city. The reform of the drama has been a desideratum for years, and now, if our judgment does not deceive us, the consummation so devoutly to be wished, is approaching, seemingly without any other effort than the determination of the public to be pleased with all that truly deserves applause.

There certainly has existed a most unaccountable anomaly in the moral sense of the theatre-going public. There are many such anomalies, but none so peculiarly striking as that mawkish appetite which nauseates at the thought of French Dancers, and yet, with the voracity of an Esquimaux, swallows down fire and brimstone, witchcraft and witches, yea, the arch fiend himself, cloven foot, horns and all. If there is any thing disgusting to strict morality in a flourish of legs and arms in concert with fiddle bows and fingers, where no lesson is taught, or any of the passions of the soul displayed, surely the rational mind cannot be much edified by the exaggeration of human depravity in the shape of necromancers and witches, who sell their souls for the gratification of passions which they imitate most villainously, and make one shudder, not to reflect what man is, but to think what some suspect him to be.

It is still idle to say that the moral concealed under the punishment, usually brought upon the impious in these displays of dramatic devilry, has any desirable effect upon the morals of community. The success which leads on to the punishment is taken for reality by the inexperienced youth, while the certainty of punishment is set at nought, and treated by their reason as a dramatic trick, or rather as a kind of homage necessarily made to an arbitrary and unprofitable chimistry. The influence of any thing unnatural or even improbable, is believed by the judicious to be decidedly prejudicial to the cause of virtue.

Under these convictions, it is a pleasure to witness the proofs of the approach of a more salutary taste. The support given to the legitimate tragedy; the revival of those ancient pieces which do honor to the hearts as well as the heads of the authors,—quite different from modern spectacles, which derive all their character from stage effect—but bodies with real souls in them; such facts revive our hopes of the permanency of the good influences, which not the most bigoted will deny that the stage has produced.

The production of such pieces as come under the denomination of Domestic Drama, is also auspicious at this time. We will name the "Gambler's Fate," for one peculiarly calculated to teach an important lesson to youth. The

plet of a new piece entitled "Ten years of a Seamean's Life," brought out at the Bowery theatre, may be read in our present number. From such pieces we have every thing to hope, and the good sense of the managers certainly inspires us with a belief that the spirit of reform which is abroad in the world will not subside without throwing a portion of its light upon the much abused and too often licentious stage.

For the Euterpeiad.

H. H. GEAR'S

GRAND CONCERT AT THE MASONIC HALL.

Mr. Editor,—I am glad to find that musical concerts are multiplying among us, and that our citizens, by their liberal patronage, manifest their taste for the most intellectual of all the pleasures to which the senses serve as avenues. By their attendance, the public will soon be capable to form an accurate judgment of their several merits, and I shall no longer need to communicate to your readers a criticism of the performances. Madame Brichta, Mrs. Austin, Mr. Fehrman, Mr. H. H. Gear, and Mr. Kyle, were the vocal performers; Mr. Norton and Mr. Gear, senr., the instrumental solo players. Mr. Segura, leader of the orchestra.

The concert commenced with the overture of "*Der Freyschutz*," by Weber, a composition remarkable for originality of conception and skill in harmony; but to produce the proper effect it requires a fuller orchestra than was present on this occasion; more wind instruments, and especially Hautboys, were much needed. It was, however, executed with considerable precision, though the leader hastened the time with too rapid strides; a defect peculiar to Mr. Segura. Mr. Gear succeeded the overture with the song "William Tell," by Braham; it was sung by desire, as I doubt whether he himself would have selected this piece, which cannot be numbered among Braham's happiest efforts; but it was neatly executed and loudly applauded. Next followed a pretty little air with variations on the trumpet by Mr. Norton, for it was nothing more, though he styled it a concerto. Our public is too well informed to be thus deceived, and high sounding names surely add but little to the musician, if his performance does not entitle him to praise. Mr. Norton's solos, however, were well received. Madame Brichta succeeded him with the aria "Parto," from *La Clemenza di Tito*, by Mozart, with obligato clarinet, by Mr. Schott. I have once before spoken of Mozart's compositions, and especially of the opera La Clemenza di Tito, but I would still wish to excite the attention of your readers to his sublime productions; it will certainly be found that in them "the extremes of a master's mind" are perpetually discernible, they ever improve upon acquaintance, and abundantly reward the student's industry. Madame Brichta manifested again that her talents are justly entitled to encouragement; as a musician she is unexceptionable, and there is a certain pathos in her tones, which penetrates the heart, and affords a degree of delight to real lovers of music, which no vocal imitation of an instrument, however rapid or wonderful, can impart. It was difficult to determine whether the beauty of the aria, or her extraordinary skill in singing it, had the superior claim to the unanimous acclamations with which she was honored on this occasion. I cannot resist the pleasure of contributing a mite of admiration to Mr. Schott's accompaniment; his talents are indeed unrivalled, and of the first order, especially in accompanying sound musicians.

Mr. Fehrman succeeded Madame Brichta with the Cavatina, "*Il mio piano e preparato*,"* from La Gazza Ladra, of Rossini; it is the most original and beautiful of his operas, and Mr. Fehrman, in choosing this air, made from it the most judicious selection. Like a sensible singer, he gives his own character to whatever he may sing; and he preserves that in mind which creates most effect on the feelings of those about him. He was followed with the most rapturous applause, though the first part was not sufficiently "Moderato" to distinguish it from the "Allegretto," "Si, Si, Ninetta," which was rendered a complete *Allegro vivace* by the leader of the orchestra. Mrs. Austin followed with the "Grand Scena, of Linda, from Der Freyschutz." Though Weber's music is sometimes wild to excess, yet some of the most graceful melodies I have ever heard, and some of the most ingenious and remarkable effects of harmony that can be pointed out any where, are to be found in his writings. I have heard Mademoiselle Sontag in this opera, and some of the best vocalists on the continent, so that I feared whether I should derive much pleasure from Mrs. Austin, but I confess that I was never more delighted with her than on this occasion. If any faults should be pointed out, they would be the want of conception in the recitatives; not sufficient expression in that beautiful prayer, and a total want of good articulation. Mr. Gear and Mr. Kyle succeeded Mrs. Austin with the duet, "Tell me where is fancy bred," by Stevenson. However good this piece may be, it certainly did not keep pace with the generality of the productions which composed this evening's entertainment. Mr. Gear, however, must have consulted the taste of the majority of his auditorium, and I have no doubt there were many present who were highly pleased. Mr. Gear, senior, concluded the first part of the concert with an air by Handel, called "The Harmonious Blacksmith," with variations for the contra basso and orchestra, by himself. This also was styled a grand concerto. The principal object of this piece seemed to be an imitation of blacksmiths; such capricious fooleries of the inventive talent will often meet us in the progress of every art; and it frequently happens that the love of novelty cherishes an extravagant style, by which, like the sated appetite of an epicure, a false taste is created; consequently Mr. Gear was loudly applauded.

The second part commenced with the overture of "Guillaume Tell," by Rossini; it is principally made up of imitations of Swiss airs, and the chromatic passages towards the close are nearly the same as in the overture to "La Donna del Lago." This piece had never before been performed in this city, and may be numbered among the most popular of Rossini's overtures, on account of its brilliancy and extraordinary effect. Some of the solo parts were very good, especially those on the clarinet and violoncello; they are, by the way, not intended to be solos. The performance seemed to transport the audience, for it was followed by loud bursts of applause; and was enthusiastically encored by every voice. Mrs. Austin came next, with the recitative and air: "In bowers of laurel," with trumpet obligato by Mr. Norton; she sung it pretty well, though not a word could be understood; she kept also good time with the trumpet. Some where under the gallery efforts were made to have this piece encored, but the numerous hisses from every part of the room soon restored silence.

By desire, Madame Brichta followed with "Non piu mesta," from Cenerentola, by Rossini. This lady deserves the greatest credit, as she has demonstrated within the last two years what wonders may be achieved by indefatigable exercise. She continues to improve as well in skill as in power; and seems to devote herself passionately to an art for which she has so much genius. I was seated near enough to the orchestra to understand the remark of the musicians, "Madame Brichta knows how to sing." Mr. Fehrman succeeded her with the bass aria "*Qui s'degno non s'accende*,* from Il Flauto magico, by Mozart; it is one of those exquisite beauties of music, replete with harmony rich and flowing, solemn and tranquilizing. Productions like this exalt, soften, and improve the best affections of the soul. It will doubtless be admitted by all the admirers of Mr. Fehrman's singing, that his fine voice and powers are in no piece so advantageously displayed as in this. I was much pleased with his performance, and that he was so judicious in his extemporary graces. He seems to study the art with great diligence, and consequently deserves the applause which a delightful audience bestows on his singing. Mrs. Austin appeared again with the song, "Soldier's tear," by Lee; a composition well known to the public. Her style in this song was good, and truly dramatic, and her articulation pure and well executed; she was only indiscriminate in giving a long shake at the close of each verse, to the last only it would have been proper. She knows, perhaps, what an English writer says on this subject, that superfluous ornaments may be compared to a redundancy of flounces, so injudiciously crowded on, that the wearer appears sinking with fatigue from the weight of finery. The "Red Cross Knights," by Mrs. Austin, Mr. Gear, Mr. Kyle, closed the performance; the piece is ill adapted for a concert room; however the two gentlemen sung their parts well; Mrs. Austin seemed to have become quite fatigued; her gasping for breath was extremely unpleasant, and could be heard throughout the room.

Mr. Gear is entitled to much praise for preparing this banquet; it will be long remembered, accompanied with the desire that, after he returns from Europe, he may favor us more frequent with such delightful entertainments.

Germanicus.

---

* If we are not mistaken, these songs are precisely the exercises recommended by Germanicus, in a critique upon the last Concert of the Musical Fund.—Ed. Euterpeiad.

For The Euterpeiad.

THE PASSING TIME.

BY SUMNER L. FAIRFIELD.

The awful hour must pass o'er me as it hath passed o'er all,
Since demon envy wrought man's guilt and guilt his utter fall;
Yet knowledge, custom, sights, and sounds, most common and unnoted,
Make not familiar that dark doom to which we are devoted.

Shrinking from dust and shuddering o'er the midnight vault of clay,
Man breathes and burns to consummate the triumphs of a day;
And, casting from his soul the death-throe and the gloom,
Lights with his passion's bale-fires the darkness of the tomb.

No dream of sunny morn, and of leaves and flowers that part
Their dewy lips to breathe the incense of the heart—
No vision of the glory that bends o'er earth from heaven,
Till, mid earth's ruin, dust awakes, can e'er to man be given.

Amid the ghastly glimmer of pale and cold decay,
No voice of music wanders, no life-revealing ray;
But the soul, in beauty's realm, awaits the glorious hour,
When its temple here in time shall be its deathless bower.

We shall go but to the home where our fathers are at rest,
As the eagle bears the death-shaft unto her mountain nest;
And, though we cannot breathe the flowers that grow above us,
Yet we shall sleep amid the hues of earth and heaven that love us.

Nothing shall perish, all must change, and elements combined,
Part, like a cloud of gloom, before the pathway of the mind;
That, through death's ebon portals, the spirit may ascend,
And its immortal brightness with the pomp of seraphs blend!

HAYDN'S CELEBRATED ORATORIO, "THE CREATION."

The following account of this splendid composition is extracted from the life of its celebrated author, as published in a series of letters, written originally in French, by L. A. C. Bombet.

Long before Haydn rose to *The Creation*, he had composed (in 1774) an Oratorio entitled *Tobias*, an indifferent performance, two or three passages of which, only, announce the great master. You know that, while in London, Haydn was struck with Handel's music; he learned, from the works of the English musician, the art of being majestic. One day at Prince Schwartzenberg's, when Handel's *Messiah* was performed, upon expressing my admiration of one of the sublime chorusses of that work, Haydn said to me thoughtfully, "This man is the father of us all."

I am convinced that if he had not studied Handel, he would never have written *The Creation;* his genius was fired by that of his master. It was remarked by every one here, that after his return from London, there was no more grandeur in his ideas.*

Haydn was sixty-three years old when he undertook this great work; and was employed two whole years upon it. When urged to bring it to a conclusion, he calmly replied, "I spend much time over it, because I intend it to last a long time."

In the beginning of the year 1798, the oratorio was completed; and, in the following Lent it was performed, for the first time, in the rooms of the Schwartzenberg palace, at the expense of the *Dilettanti* Society, who had requested it from the author.

Who can describe the applause, the delight, the enthusiasm of this Society? I was present; and I can assure you I never witnessed such a scene. The flower of the literary and musical society of Vienna were assembled in the room, which was well adapted to the purpose, and Haydn himself directed the orchestra. The most profound silence, the most scrupulous attention, a sentiment, I might also say, of religious respect, were the dispositions which prevailed when the first stroke of the bow was given.

The general expectation was not disappointed. A long train of beauties, to that moment unknown, unfolded themselves before us; our minds overcome with pleasure and admiration, experienced, during two successive hours, what they had rarely felt—a happy existence, produced by desires, ever lively, ever renewed, and never disappointed.

The Creation commences with an overture representing chaos. The ear is struck with a dull and indefinite noise, with inarticulate sounds, with notes destitute of any perceptible melody. Some fragments of agreeable passages are next perceived, but still imperfectly formed, and always deprived of cadence. Afterwards follow half-formed images, some grave, others tender; every thing is mingled; the agreeable and the powerful succeed each other accidentally; the great borders on the little; the austere and the cheerful are confounded together. An assemblage the most singular of all the figures of music, of trills, flights, *mordenti*, syncopes, discords, give, it is said, a very good idea of chaos.

Music appears in all her charms when the angels begin to relate the great work of the creation. We soon come to the passage which describes the creation of light,

"*And God said let there be light! and there was light!*"

It must be confessed that nothing can have a grander effect. Before this fiat of the Creator, the musician has gradually diminished the chords: he introduces the unison, and the piano still growing softer, as the suspended cadence approaches: at last this cadence bursts forth in the most sonorous manner at the words,

"*And there was light!*"

This burst of the whole orchestra in the resounding key of C, accompanied with all the harmony possible; and prepared by the gradual fading of the sounds, actually produces upon us, at a first representation, the effect of a thousand torches suddenly flashing light into a dark cavern.

The faithful angels afterwards describe, in a fugued passage, the rage of Satan and his accomplices precipitated into an abyss of torments by the hand of Him whom they hate. Here Milton has a rival. Haydn employs profusely all that is disagreeable in the *enharmonic* genus; horrible discords—strange modulations, and schords of the diminished seventh. The harshness of the words, "Despairing, rage, and terror, further increases the horrors of this chorus. We shudder, but the music begins to describe the beauties of the newly created earth, the celestial freshness of the first verdure which adorned the world, and our minds are at length tranquillized.

The delightful retreat of Adam and his companion is disturbed by a tempest; the winds are heard to roar; the thunder splits the ear, and resounds at a distance in prolonged rollings; the hail clatters on the leaves; and lastly, the snow softly descends in large flakes to the earth.

Floods of the most brilliant and majestic harmony encompass these descriptions. The song of the archangel Gabriel, especially, who is the Coryphœus, display, in the midst of the chorusses, uncommon energy and beauty.

One of the airs, "Rolling in foaming billows," is employed in representing the effects of the waters, from the mighty roaring billows of the agitated sea, to the little brook which gently murmurs at the bottom of its valley.

Many other brilliant points are also distinguished in *The Creation:* for instance, an air of which Haydn was very fond, and which he had re-cast three times, "With verdure clad the fields appear." Its object is to describe the earth putting forth trees, plants, bowers, and odoriferous shrubs of every kind.

This air is followed by a brilliant fugue, "*Awake the Harp,*" in which the angels praise the Creator, and where Haydn re-appears with all his advantages. The repetition of the subject, which is the essence of the *fugue*, has here the effect of representing the zeal of the angels celebrating, with united voices, their divine Creator.

You next pass to the rising of the sun, which appears for the first time, in all the pomp of the most magnificent spectacle, which the eye of man can contemplate.

It is followed by the rising of the moon, which silently advances through the clouds, and illumines the night with her silver radiance. It will be observed, that a whole day must be passed over, otherwise the rising of the sun could not be immediately succeeded by that of the moon; but we are considering a descriptive poem in which transitions are every thing. The first part concludes with a chorus of angels—"*The heavens declare the glory of God.*"

A charming harmonic artifice is observable in the chorus. When arrived at the cadence, Haydn does not arrest the attention of the orchestra, as is sometimes the case in his symphonies, but falls into modulations ascending by semi-tones. The transitions are reinforced by sonorous chords, which seem at every bar to announce this cadence, so much desired by the ear, but which is always delayed by some modulation still more unexpected and beautiful. Our astonishment increases with our impatience; and when the cadence at length arrives, it is saluted with a general burst of applause.

The second part opens with an air, "*On mighty wings,*" majestic in the beginning, afterwards gay, and tender towards the conclusion—describing the creation of the birds. The different characters of this air, well represented, the audacious eagle, which, just created, seems to spurn the earth, and dart towards the sun; the gayety of the lark; the amorous doves: and lastly, the plaintive nightingale. The accents of the songstress of the night, are imitated as near to nature as possible.

A beautiful trio, "*Most beautiful appear,*" presents, among other things, the effect produced by the immense leviathan, as he agitates the waves that are separated by his enormous mass. A well executed recitative, "*And God said, let the earth bring forth the living creature,*" shows us the generous courser, proudly neighing amidst vast meadows; the active and ferocious tiger, rapidly traversing the forests, and gliding between the trees; the fierce lion roars at a distance, while the gentle sheep, fearless of danger, are peacefully feeding.

An air, full of power and dignity, "*In native worth and honor clad,*" announces the creation

* Haydn was present at the performance in Westminster Abbey, in 1791, and there heard for the first time, the effect of an orchestra of more than a thousand performers—viz.:

Violins	250	Bassoons	40
Violas	50	Horns	13
Violoncellos	50	Trumpets	11
Double Basses	27	Trombones	12
Drums	8	Organs	1
Oboes	40		
VOCAL.			
Trebles	160	Tenors	152
Altos	92	Basses	159
	Total.	1,077.	

of man. The movement of the harmony, which corresponds with the words,

"*He stands a man, the king, and lord, of nature, all!*"

has been well preserved in the German. This language allows of an argumentative figure which, in the German, is full of majesty. The text, literally translated, is,

"Behold man, the *manly*, the king of nature!"

The epithet added to the word *man*, repels every low and grovelling idea, in order to concentrate our attention on the noblest and most majestic attributes of the exalted and happy being whom the Creator has just formed.

The music increases in force and elevation at each of these last words, and makes a superb cadence on "*the king of nature.*" It is impossible not to be struck with it.

The second part of this air describes the creation of the charming Eve, that beauteous creature born for love. This termination of the air gives us an idea of Adam's happiness. It is universally esteemed the finest part of *The Creation*—and, according to my ideas, the reason is, that Haydn here returns to the empire of the passions, and that his subject was one of the greatest felicities of which the heart of man is susceptible.

This air is followed by the chorus, "*The glorious work is now complete,*" a fugue of great strength and power; in the trio, "*On thee each living creature waits,*" the symphony opens with wind instruments, mingling in a melody so full and delicious, as to produce that sated effect which the words demand.

The strain, "*But when from them thy face is hid,*" is awfully sublime. At the words "*With sudden terror they are struck,*" we feel a paralytic sensation never before produced by the power of sound. It is a palsied and shivering effect, which is brought about by a singular junction of *time* and *accent*.

"Thou takest their breath away,
They vanish into dust."

is so forcible and commanding, that we begin to doubt whether it is the sound of strings we have heard. At the passage, "*Life with vigor fresh returns,*" all contrariety is banished, and the different bands coalesce with a smoothness which produces "*new force and new delights.*"

The third part of *The Creation* is the shortest. It is a beautiful translation of the most pleasing part of Milton's poem. Haydn paints the transports of the first and most innocent of attachments, the tender converse of the first pair, and their pure and dreadless gratitude towards the infinite goodness which created them, and which seems to have created for them all nature. The most ardent joy breathes in every bar of the *allegro*. There is also apparent in this part a devotion of a more ordinary kind, mingled with terror.

The sinfonia, which opens "*the fair morn*" of creation, is performed by a celestial band of flutes and horns, aided by the soft *pissicato* of the stringed instruments. This exquisite harmony ascends to the heavenly vault with the praises of the blissful pair, and is joined by a choir of angels, chanting "*forever blessed be the Lord.*"

The distant effect of the responsive choir gives us an idea of space and amplitude which nothing but soft music can produce. It is like that misty atmosphere, which artists, in painting, introduce for the same purpose in their designs. The duetto, "Graceful Consort," in our opinion, is the most exquisite composition in the work. It is full of tenderness and affection.

"*The dropping morn,*" is introduced by an inspiring strain from the French horn, which breathes freshness of that "sweet hour of prime." The last chorus commences with the words "*Praise Jehovah all ye voices.*" The voices heard, amidst the clash of sounds, have a rich and noble effect. The fugue which follows is strong and masterly. In the hallelujah part, the principal voices appear, in *solo*, with singular beauty and form a fine contrast to the masses of sound struck out by the orchestra.

The short concussion which terminates this Divine Oratorio, leaves the mind of the auditor lost in sacred awe at the sublimity of the work which genius had dared to plan and execute.

For the Euterpeiad.

TEARS.

Woe for the darksome flight of years,
It leaves the heart a weary load,
Nor even the bitter gift of tears
Is given to flow as then they flowed.

There is a struggle for the breast,
Go arm it with unbending power,
Go wake it from its dreamy rest,
Go bid it—'t is the conflict hour.

The spirit arms it for the fight,
And presses to the rush of men;
Alas, the airy forms of light
May never dwell in it again!

And with the strength that unsubdued
To the cold triumph passes on,
Life's hidden anguish is renewed,
But the fount of tears is turned to stone.

It must be so—from the fierce strife
We cannot turn for tears away,
As flower by flower the path of life
Is ivy-covered from decay.

And all that once had been despair,
Now only sweeps a desert o'er,
Like sighings of the morning air,
A breath where storms have been before.

What is it now? a blight of heart—
And many we have seen decay,
Young links of being torn apart—
Others have been as well as they

And all the agonies that throng
Around the wrenching of such chains,
Have been upon the heart so long
That scarce a bitterer pang remains.

HINDA.

Indestructibility of Matter. The destruction produced by fire is most striking; in many cases, as in the burning of a piece of charcoal or a taper, there is no smoke, nothing visible dissipated and carried away; the burning body wastes and disappears, while nothing seems to be produced but warmth and light, which we are not in the habit of considering as substances; and, when all has disappeared, except, perhaps, some trifling ashes, we naturally suppose it is gone, lost, destroyed. But, when the question is examined more exactly, we detect, in the visible stream of heated air which ascends from the glowing coal or flaming wax, the whole ponderable matter, only united in a new combination with the air, and dissolved in it. Yet, so far from being thereby destroyed, it is only become again what it was before it existed in the form of charcoal or wax, an active agent in the business of the world, and a main support of vegetable and animal life, and is still susceptible of running again the same round, as circumstances may determine; so that, for aught we can see to the contrary, the same identical atom may be concealed for thousands of centuries in a limestone rock, may at length be quarried, set free in the limekiln, mix with the air, become a part of the frames of myriads of living beings, till some concurrence of events consigns it once more to long repose, which, however, no way unfits it from again resuming its former activity.—*Herschel's Discourse.*

SKETCH OF THE PLOT OF "TEN YEAR'S OF A SEAMAN'S LIFE, OR THE STEP-BROTHER;" A DOMESTIC DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS. BY J. B. PHILLIPS.

Mr. Willoughby (Jackson) a wealthy man, is the father of Frank (Scott) and Ellen, (Miss Pelby,) whom he treats with unkindness and cruelty, while his affections are lavishly bestowed on Henry, (Taylor) the son of a second marriage, a wild and dissipated youth. The drama commences with an interview between Ellen and her foster mother, to whom she is complaining of the cruelty of her father; during which conversation Morton Fosgate (Mr. G. Jones) returns from Portsmouth, bringing the intelligence of the arrival of a vessel from India. Frank, who, under the assumed name of Bob Buntline, had shipped as a sailor, having returned from an East India cruise, learns from Natty Mags, (Gates,) a cockney servant at the Crown and Anchor, that Ellen had, during his absence, received no kinder treatment from her father, hastens to the mansion of old Willoughby, and reaches the garden attached to his dwelling soon after Ellen had entered it. She does not at first recognize him in his sailor's dress; and while she is in the arms of her brother, old Willoughby suddenly enters. Ellen entreats the old man to forgive Frank, and to receive him to his heart, implores him kneeling to look more kindly on his children, and as she is clinging to him he raises his cane to strike her, Frank arrests his uplifted arm, while Ellen, overcome with her emotion, sinks fainting in the arms of her brother, and the first act concludes.

Between the first and second acts, a lapse of five years, Frank, still as Bob Buntline, is at sea, while Ellen, who, soon after his departure, finding the cruelty of her father increase towards her, had fled, and married Morton Fosgate. Morton is reduced to the most abject poverty, his mother dead, and his sister Patty (Mrs. Dean) has been necessitated to become a servant at the Crown and Anchor, where her lover, Natty Mags, still continues in service. Morton, enfeebled by illness, is unable to procure work, and driven almost to madness by the situation of his wife and child, he rushes from his miserable dwelling with the determination to procure food. Morton is next discovered in front of the Crown and Anchor, from which Henry Willoughby comes in a state of intoxication. Morton, not recognizing him, asks alms; but on raising his eyes, which had been fixed on the ground, discovers the individual from whom he had been asking charity, to be the step brother of his wife. Goaded by the insulting language of Henry, he seizes him, but contemptuously throws him from him, and, after telling him that his wife and child were starving, demands money from him for their relief. In the scuffle, Henry's pocket wallet drops from the breast pocket of his coat, unperceived by either at the time, nor does Morton discover it until after Henry leaves him. On opening it, he discovers the name of the owner. With a portion of the contents he purchases from the landlord, Spiggott, (Collingbourne,) food and wine. Henry, who has discovered the loss of his wallet, charges Morton with a highway robbery. Morton returns to his dwelling, shows his wife the food, the notes, and laying the wallet on the table, promises to inform her how he came possessed of them as soon as they shall have finished their meal. They are about to sit; a knocking is heard at the door which Morton opens, and Spiggott appears at the entrance with the constables, who enter and acquaint him with the charge against him. He asseverates his innocence, breaks from Ellen, who clings to him, and follows the officers; Ellen, about following, but overcome with her emotions, falls fainting on the floor, the child runs and kneels by its mother. At this juncture, Frank, who had just reached his native village, attracted by the cry of distress, appears at the threshold, he enters, and perceives Ellen fainting, he raises her, and in the emaciated and miserable being re-

cognizes his sister. She revives—informs of the facts—Frank listens with emotion to the recital of her sufferings, and determines to appeal to his father. He conducts Ellen, and reaches his father's mansion, as Morton, who had been conducted there to be examined, is about leaving it, having been discharged from the accusation by the magistrate, Mr. Heartley, (Linsley.) Willoughby demands of Frank the cause of his intrusion; he appeals to his father in behalf of his sister, to whom she directs his attention as she lays weeping on the breast of her husband. The old man is unmoved—is about to curse—when Ellen franticly implores him not to do so; Frank presents her child to his father. He refuses to notice it, and eventually strikes his son. Incensed with this additional injury, he seizes the cane in the hand of his father, and in the scuffle draws the sword it contains, and makes a pass at his parent. Ellen rushes between them, while Morton, arresting his arm exclaiming, "Frank, against thy father!" At the name of father, Frank drops the sword, and falls at the feet of the old man, who repulses him, and this terminates the second act.

During the lapse of five years, between the second and third acts, Morton had found a benefactor in Mr. Heartley. The opening of this act again finds him, however, reduced to poverty. The cottage had been struck by lightning and consumed, and his son is supposed to have perished in the flames. At this time Frank returns again from sea, after a prosperous voyage, in a situation to enable him to place his sister in competence. As illustrative of the goodness of Providence, he describes a fearful storm which he had encountered at sea. The child of Ellen had been preserved by a villager from the flames, and is restored to them. Old Willoughby's fortunes are impaired by the extravagance of Henry, who died during the period supposed to have elapsed, and the old man lives in seclusion, a prey to melancholy and remorse. Natty has married Patty Fosgate, and become landlord of the Crown and Anchor. Frank goes to his father, describes to him the situation in which he found his sister, and makes the supposition that he had found her a maniac, and took her by the hand to lead her to him, but as she entered his doors she fell dead at his feet. The old man in agony expresses his hopelessness of forgiveness; and in reply to Frank's supposition that she lived, and that he had brought her to him, he kneels at the feet of his son, who then brings in Ellen and places her in the arms of her father. Mr. Willoughby, embracing her, sinks, overcome with emotion, fainting, in the arms of his son, Morton, with the boy and Mr. Heartley, forming the picture as the curtain falls.

We have before us, which we shall take the first opportunity to peruse, "The Fredoniad," by Doct. Emmons, of Kentucky. We understand that the life of Col. R. M. Johnson, by the author of the Fredoniad, is to be published soon. Doct. Emmons is well qualified to write the history of the Colonel, having resided in the house with him a number of years

---

The Sunday School Journal of April 27, contains a table, exhibiting the state of common schools in Kentucky. The facts are derived from the Marshal of the State by his Deputies in the several counties, in connexion with the census of 1830. The returns were made at the instance of the Rev. B. O. Peers of Lexington, a gentleman whose successful efforts in the cause of education in that state deserve that most honorable of all tributes of respect—imitation, by the benevolent and patriotic elsewhere.

It appears that there are only 1016 male and 61 female teachers in the state, The number of children between the ages of 5 and 15 is 147,665, or nearly 140 to each teacher. But the schools average less than 40 children to each teacher; so that less than 1-3d of the children between the ages mentioned are at school. The number at school is about 42,300; the number not at school, about 105,300!

In most of the counties, the number of boys at school is considerably greater than that of girls.

TO ——.

Unconscious one! how dark—how bright—
  How bitter—yet how sweet the spell—
Wert thou but conscious of its might,
  Which *one* must feel, yet dare not tell!
The spell which like a wizard's sign
  Fills all thy presence like a mist,
And leaves on every lip but mine
  A glow, as if a seraph kissed!

Unconscious one! thou hast not felt
  The lightning of thine own wild gaze,
Nor deemed that it has power to melt
  The heart, steeled in the furnace blaze.
But there is one whose very soul
  Is fed by that intensest pain.
Thou art the only and the whole
  O'erwhelming burden of his brain.

From sleepless couch he rises up,—
  And what is morning light to him?
All night to thee he pledg'd the cup
  Of Hope, until his eye is dim.
What unto him are all the sweets
  Of morning, when her birds rejoice?
His breath is quick—his bosom beats
  To meet thine eye and hear thy voice

Then though the glowing summer sky
  Melts at the sun's consuming sphere,
Though panting nature strains her eye
  Of anguish for one cooling tear,
Though man, just like the weary bird,
  Shrinks to the shadow for a rest,
Cold is that heart which thou hast stirred,
  Which throbs for thee within his breast

He longs for night;—not that the calm
  And cordial hand of sleep should throw
Over his brain her breath of balm,
  And heal, as she does other's wo
He longs for night—that he may think
  Upon that only sunny spot
From source to sea—from brink to brink
  Of that dark stream—his earthly lot.

And he would dream of thee;—but dreams
  Far from his soul have long since fled.
Yea, he would doat upon the gleams
  Of perished hopes, heatless and dead
Yes—he does long for night! Her dim
  And moody figures, and her breath,
And chilly moon, are all to him
  Lovely—because they look like Death.

Night, like a mother, to his couch
  Steals soft, and round his temples flings
Her dewy tresses—and her touch
  Back to his alien bosom brings
A shudder of delight—'tis all
  Years leave him of what once he felt,
When pulses leapt forth at the call
  Of lips to whose deep tones he knelt.

He heeds not those who peer and gaze
  On all his life, and watch his eye
With jealous sneers—Let them amaze
  Their brain with wonder till they die,
They know that some enchantment draws
  His gloomy mind to minstrelsy,
And each may grope to find the cause
  They have no cause to mention thee.

And thou hast met his eye, as stern
  As apathy and thought could make;—
Looks which thou didst not seem to spurn
  For thine own gentle nature's sake.
And hadst thou known the thrill he felt
  In every nerve,—and thou the spring!—
Perchance thy gentle heart might melt—
  Perchance frown it to withering.

But cease! Thy heart shall never feel
  The pride, however sweet it be,
That power to wound or balm to heal
  His spirit, can be found in thee.
Thou too shalt know that o'er his frame
  Some secret tyranny has reigned,
But thou, *thou* shalt not know the name
  To which his destiny is chained.

Yet is he not a slave. The power
  Which marks his destiny has still
A check on its triumphant hour—
  A master in his own dark will!
That will has saved more souls than one!
  Had it been weak or wicked, thou
Hadst wept ere this,—and not alone!
  For thoughts which wake thy laughter now

Oh! it were bliss!—the thought is bliss,—
  Had fate decreed those souls to blend
And cling in one unbroken kiss,
  Like their own being, without end!
Away!—It cannot be this earth
  Hath nought to feed a flame so pure.
So long as its unhallowed mirth,
  So long must all its grief endure!

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are informed by the gentleman who forwarded us a treatise on Ancient Irish Music, that it was not his intention to give the same as original. The author is James McCrery, as his name was given with the article; but the initials of the contributor agreeing exactly with those of the author, we were led to believe the piece original. We feel under the same obligation to publish selected musical hints, when, like the one in question, they are not within every musician's reach; and if J. M. will furnish us with further extracts from the same source we shall feel ourselves much his debtor. It may not be improper to say that the treatise above referred to originally appeared in an Irish periodical, and that "J. M.," the gentleman who forwarded the same, is to us a total stranger.

We are sorry to say that a poetical effusion by an esteemed female correspondent, resident at Quebec, which was intended for this number, has been mislaid. Several of our own prose paragraphs have shared the same fate, in the confusion of our removal. Will our fair friend have the kindness to send us another copy? An unaccountable fatality seems to attend her communications; we can only assure her that neither this nor a former failure could be avoided by any foresight of our own.

The unendorsed paper of "Comus & Co." shall not be [illegible] rested. The present effusion is apparently from one of the partners, and it is difficult to decide whether from "Comus" or "Co."; but we are quite willing to put such paper into circulation. We hope "Comus & Co." will give us their checks often.

"Idealina" must not disappoint our hopes of future [illegible] from her pen.

We return our thanks for certain poetical favors which appeared in our last. It may be too late in the opinion of some of our readers; but we think otherwise. It is never too late to acknowledge that we have not trusted "*Providence*" in vain.

Two pieces of music, which have been mislaid for some months, but have come to light while in the act of removing our rubbish, shall have a place in our columns as soon as convenient. "Talk not of Love," a song, and "Go, you may call it madness," a canzonet. The friend who contributed them will receive this apology.

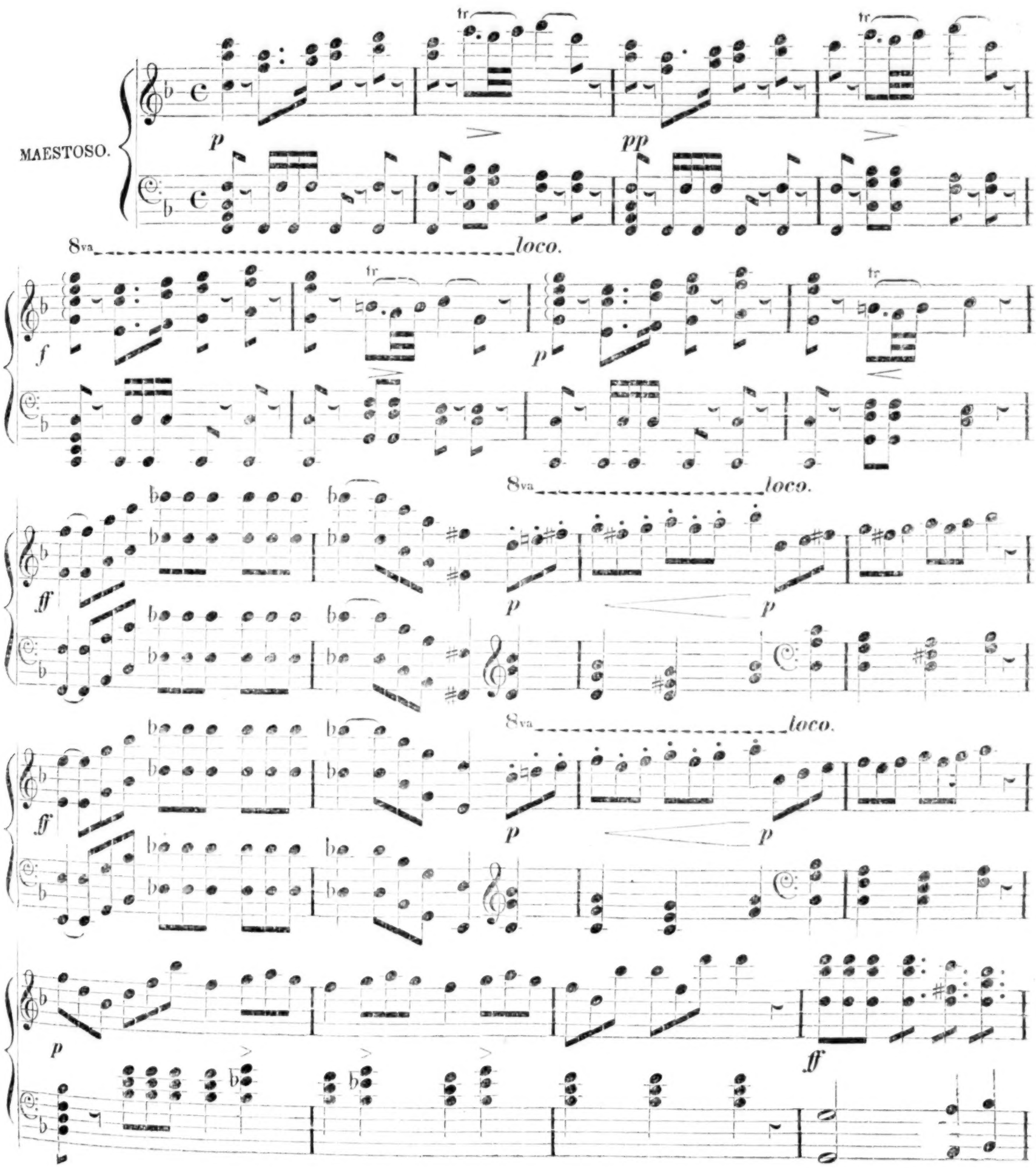
NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

By James L. Hewitt, 137 Broadway.—The bell at sea, a ballad, words by Mrs. Hemans, music by her sister; Here do we meet, a ballad, by J. A. Wade; The light bark, by J. T. Craven; The poor barley miller, a ballad, by A. Lee; Sonata in C, composed by W. Jucho; Air from Don Giovanni, arranged by Julius Metz; Rondoletto, by Diabelli; The woodland [illegible], arranged by J. Valentine; The Mayence waltz, by Ruffner; The post horn waltz, by do.; Anthem for Good Friday, composed by H. H. Gear; The banks of Allan water, with embellishments by H. H. Gear.

March,

IN THE OPERA "L'ULTIMO GIORNO DI POMPEI," COMPOSED BY PACINI.

ARRANGED BY DIABELLI, OF VIENNA.



8va loco.

ff

8va loco.

fz.

fz.

p

p

fz. fz.